THE OLD MAN GOES TO SCHOOL.

I know I'm too old to learn, wife; my lessons and tasks are done;
The dews of life's evenin' glisten in the light of life's settin' sun.
To the grave by the side of my fathers they'll carry me soon away;
But I wanted to see how the world had grown, so I hobbled to schbol to-day.

I couldn't a told 'twas a school-house; it towered up to the skies;
I gazed on the noble structure till dim grew these old eyes.
My thoughts went back to the log house—the school-house of long ago,
Where I studied and romped with the merry boys who sleep where the daisies grow.

I was startled out of my dreamin' by the tones of its monstrous bell;
On these ears that are growin' deaf the sweet notes rose and fell.
I entered the massive door, and sat in the proffered chair,—
An old man, wrinkled and gray, in the midst of the young and fair.

Like a garden of bloomin' roses, the school-room appeared to me—
The children were all so tidy, their faces so full of glee;
They stared at me when I entered, then broke o'er the whisperin' rule,
And said with a smile to each other: "The old man's comin' to school."

When the country here was new, wife, when I was a scholar-lad,
Our readin' and writin' and spellin' were 'bout all the studies we had.
We cleared up the farm through the summer, then traveled through woods and snow
To the log house in the openin', the school-house of long ago.

Now boys go to school in a palace, and study hard Latin and Greek;
They are taught to write scholarly essays; they are drilled on the stage to speak;
They go into the district hopper, but come out of college spout;
And this is the way the schools of our land are grindin' our great men out.

Let 'em grind, let 'em grind, dear wife! the world needs the good and the true;
Let the children out of the old house and trot 'em into the new.
I'll cheerfully pay my taxes, and say to this age of mine,
All aboard! all aboard! go ahead! if you leave the old man behind!

Our system of common schools is the nation's glory and crown;
May the arm be palsied ever, that is lifted to tear it down;
If bigots cannot endure the light of our glowin' skies,
Let them go to Oppression's shore, where Liberty bleeds and dies.

I'm glad I've been to-day to the new house, large and grand;
With pride I think of my toils in this liberty-lovin' land;
I've seen a palace arise where the old log school-house stood,
And gardens of beauty bloom where the shadow fell in the wood.

To the grave by the side of my fathers they'll carry me soon away,
Then I'll go to a higher school than the one I've seen to-day;
Where the Master of masters teacheth,—where the scholars never grow old,—
From glory to glory I'll climb to the beautiful college of gold.

Venting Their Enthusiasm.

The conditions of college life which formerly gave rise to frequent riots between "town and gown," have long since passed away.

The conditions, also, which once gave rise to numberless minor forms of disorder, exist now to a far less extent than ever before in the history of the college. What, then, is it that has produced this change? Surely it is not from any inborn love of culture and order which influences college men now, but did not then. The Yale man of thirty years ago was as much of a gentleman as the Yale man of to-day.

No, it is not this. But it is the system of athletics which we have—this fine system of sports and games, which has afforded us a legitimate channel of venting our enthusiasm and love of sport, which were once grossly misdirected. And this would seem to be not the least reason why athletics should be encouraged and upheld in Yale college, and in the other colleges of the country, in order that manliness and comparative good order may characterize the college rather than lawlessness and turbulence.

"FANNY FERN."

A Brief Sketch of Her Life.

[Cor. Detroit Free Press.

"And so you want to know something about Fanny Fern from her brother's lips," said Mrs. Willis speaking in that tone of cultured repose which is now almost a lost art. "I can tell you this. She was a woman with a great heart. When she was young she went to school to Catherine Beecher, a sister of Henry Ward Beecher. Many years after when Miss Beecher was quite an old lady my sister met her and recalled her school days. 'Yes, yes,' said Miss Beecher, 'I remember you perfectly. You were the most troublesome scholar I had and I loved you the best.'"

Mr. Willis said that Sarah made them all lively at home with her pranks, and alluded feelingly to her happy married life with Mr. Eldridge, his death and her subsequent pecuniary losses which made her pen a necessity."

"It was in 1847 that she began to write," said Mr. Willis; "her husband had died the preceding year. Like the rest of her family, Mrs. Eldridge found a ready and good friend in her pen, and as Fanny Fern achieved both reputation and fortune. Bonner treated her in a princely manner, but she also increased the circulation of the Ledger immensely. Once she wrote an article commending the manner in which A. T. Stewart's clerk's waited upon customers without regard to their dress or relation. Mr. Stewart was so pleased that he sent a man to the Ledger office to get the address of Fanny Fern, but it was denied to him as it was to all others. But A. T. Stewart was not a man to be denied. He discovered the writer and sent her an elegant outfit, which was indignantly returned. One day when she was Mrs. Parton she was in his store buying a navy suit for a child. Mr. Stewart had a habit of walking about the store and watching sales unknown often to both clerk and customer; he approached Fanny Fern and asked, 'Have you a child old enough to wear a navy suit?'

"The bright woman looked at him and responded:

"'Go away, Mr. Stewart, and mind your own affairs.'

"This is my affair," he answered, and had the suit sent to her address, and positively forbade any expense incurred, saying that he was already deeply in her debt.

"A characteristic story of my sister Sarah," said Mr. Willis, "was the way she treated a grasping landlord at Richmond, Va., when she and her husband, Mr. Parton, were staying there for a few days. 'Fanny' had the misfortune to break a nick out of a very ordinary toilet chamber set and the landlord included the price of the whole set in the bill. When it was paid the angered Fanny inquired if the set was now hers. The landlord had not taken that view of it, but finally acknowledged that it was, since she had paid for it.'

"'Then I can do what I please with my own,' said the indignant and impulsive woman, and seizing a poker she went into the room and broke every piece of the set to eternal smash. Her keen sense of justice was outraged by such contemptible conduct."

Her marriage to James Parton, the historian, was a singularly happy one. Mr. Willis remarked, as suggestive of the family heritage, that a granddaughter of Fanny Fern is one of the leading editorial writers on the New York Ledger at the present time, while the granddaughter of another member of the family is a sparkling and popular writer on the Boston journals. A granddaughter of N. P. Willis, living with her mother at Cambridge, while yet a mere child, wrote a little play which was performed in the presence of Longfellow, Holmes and the Harvard notables, to their great delight, the child herself acting the leading part.

As this paper is necessarily a compilation of biography, conversation and personal reminiscence, it will be excusable to refer in broken sequences to any matter of interest concerning the three distinguished subjects. While still en rapport with the beloved sketch-writer, who in her day was an educator, it may be of interest to refer briefly to her style of writing. It was a blending of humor and pathos told in piquant sentences. She ridiculed the foibles of fashion and society. Like Dickens she preached a gospel of humanity. Her articles were terse and struck a popular vein at once. A quarter-column newspaper skid was captioned "A model widow." The gist of the whole thing was in the opening sentence of sarcastic brevity:

"Would not wear her veil up on any account; thinks her complexion looks fairer than ever in contrast with her sables; sends back her new dress because the folds of crape on the sikrt 'is not deep mourning enough;' steadfastly refuses to look in the direction of a 'dress coat' for—one week!"

"Little Allie," a sketch full of the pathos of a motherless child's story, ends with this transcript from her humanitarian creed:

"Never forget it, Betsey," said he; "harsh words ain't for the motherless. May God forget me, if He ever hears one from my lips."

Fanny Fern died at the comparatively early age of 51. She lies buried in beautiful Mount Auburn, the lovely cemetery which lies adjacent to Boston. Over her grave is a white marble cross erected to her memory by Mr. Bonner as a token of his regard for her. It is wreathed with fern leaves, carved from the solid marble. It is said of her that in the fourteen years during which she wrote for the New York Ledger, that she never once failed to send in her manuscript promptly on time. She was paid for one story at the rate of $100 a column.

Few can stand by the grave of that bright, loving woman and not recall her own sad, pathetic words:

"O, to die and be forgotten! This warm heart cold, these active limbs still, these lips dust! Suns to rise and set, flowers to bloom, the moon to silver leaf and tree around my own dear home—the merry laugh, the pleasant circle and I not there."

But her usual philosophy was of the bright, cheerful, combative order. Difficulties were her best inspirations to success.

The Henceforthness of the Subsequently.

[By a Concord School Philosopher.]

We all know, or profess to know, and it is even patent to those who are not cognizant of the fact, that in all ages, from the very remotest to the æons in the misty future, man has, or has not, according to his unalienable rights and prerogatives in the premises, through the organism of the mind—which connects the understandableness with the intelligibility of the dynamic energy of the body—an underlying, inherent inclination, on multifarious occasions, as if propelled by an unseen force, to seek the magnetism and stimulation that is coexistent with, and analogous to, a fermentous extraction of—[From Puck, where there are columns more like it.

The Mystery of Kissing.

[Wm. M. Evarts.]

Why should the meeting of lips cause people more pleasure than the meeting of their noses, or their foreheads, or their backs, or their little toes? I don't know that anybody has ever tried these experiments and instituted comparisons, but it might be worth a trial.

What is a kiss, anyhow? Two pairs of lips meet, and separate with a noise as if a mule was being rescued by electricity out of a swampy hole about two blocks farther down the alley. This is actually all! And still everybody does it, and raves about it, and gets yanked to the station house for it.

How Much Paper We Use.

There are 2,985 paper mills in the world, in which 1,904,000,000 pounds of paper are annually manufactured. Half of this paper is used for printing; 600,000,000 pounds only for newspapers, the consumption of which has risen by 200,000,000 pounds during the last ten years.

As to the use of paper by individuals, an average of 11½ pounds is used by an Englishman, 10½ pounds by an American, 8 pounds by a German, 7½ pounds by a Frenchman, 3½ pounds by an Italian or Austrian, 1½ pounds by a Spaniard, 1 pound by a Russian, and 2 pounds by a Mexican.

Sport for the Eyes.

It would be well if we had some form of sport which would encourage the improvement of eyesight.

We might have eye matches, for example, with prizes for those who could see furtherest and clearest. There could be winking matches, open to persons of both sexes, for the purpose of strengthening the muscles of the eyelid, and the government might offer premiums to blue-eyed babies, and thus encourage the style of eye which, according to oculists, is best adapted for ordinary wear and tear.

The Diplomatic Language.

The English language is not studied in France, on the assumption that the French vernecular is destined to become the universal tongue. Recently published figures, however, prove that the number of French-speaking people is declining, and that French is not now spoken by more than about 50,000,000, whereas English is very rapidly spreading, and is already known to upwards of 150,000,000.

PICKING UP CHIPS.

Now, Susan at the wood-pile,
With rosy cheeks and lips;
And with her pretty apron on,
Was picking up some chips.
Jake came along, and halting,
And lifting up his hat,
And growing quite familiar,
They both began to chat.
As Susan there was standing with
Her apron full of chips,
He seized the happy moment,
And kissed her rosy lips.
She threw her hands up to her face,
Repelling the assault;
And spilled her chips, but only said:
"Now, Jake, that was your fault."
Jake threw his hands above his head,
Took to his heels to run,
And looked for dogs, or squirrel shot
Fired from her daddy's gun.
But Susan turned and softly said,
(The best of things to make,)
"I'm picking up the chips right here,
Most every morning, Jake."

—[The Baltimorean.

A Touching Incident.

[Exchange.]

The following touching incident is recorded of Madame Marie Roze, during her sojourn in this country, and while on a visit to Auburn prison, New York, where she sang in the presence of nearly all of its inmates, including upwards of twelve hundred convicts.

On her arrival she desired to know if all the prisoners were present, and being answered in the negative, she requested that even those in solitary confinement should, as a special privilege, be permitted to come into the chapel and join the other convicts in listening to the music which she proposed to sing.

The request was accorded, and the poor fellows, some of them for the first time in many years, were permitted not only to look once more on the face of a beautiful woman, but to hear again from an accomplished artiste the sweet notes that reminded them of the innocent days of youth.

The chief selections of Madame Roze were "Sweet Spirit, Hear my Prayer," and "The Sweet By and By," and even the most hardened criminals were stirred to tears. After this the fair cantatrice made a tour of the institution the prisoners meanwhile being retained in the chapel, and on her return she sang the old familiar air, "Comin' Thro' the Rye."

The most intelligent of the convicts prepared a testimonial of thanks, which was duly signed and presented to the lady. It closed with the following quotation:

"God sent His singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to heaven again."

Ways to Become Attractive.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

A Parisian newspaper has been teaching its lady readers "how to be attractive." Surely the readers of the Vie Parisienne ought to be in no need of advice such as the following:

"Look confident and indifferent; express yourself simply and with a voice as sweet as possible. Be keenly alive to everything that passes, yet appear absent minded; know as much as possible, yet please by asking questions. Having read everything, appear ignorant; heard all, always express surprise; desiring everything, ask for nothing. Be light-hearted to preserve your beauty; be indulgent to attract smypathy"—and so on.

These laws—some evidently anti-blue-stocking laws—are laid down as absolute, with one exception. "Blush neither for shame nor for pleasure," to which is added: "If you can help it." Verily, the good old saying holds good still: "Il faut souffrir pour etre belle."

There are, however, some clauses which might with equal advantage be applied to both sexes. For instance: "Do not force wit; always listen attentively; be charitable for your own satisfaction; be frank and you need never be afraid of the truth; see things at a glance; judge quickly and think more quickly still in order to keep a cool head."

But wise as these laws are, and however much the world might be benefited by a more general application of them, they belong decidedly to the category of precepts more easily preached than practiced.

THE SMART YOUNG MAN.

How a Tender, but Self-Important, Merchant Was Taken in and Done for.

Young business men are apt to think that they know everything, says the Philadelphia correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch. There are any number of young fellows starting out in business now at the beginning of the year, and the combined wisdom which is stored in their not very capacious brains is something wonderful to contemplate. Two or three years ago they were boys, last year they were clerks and now they are partners or sole proprietors. I was talking to one such only yesterday. "You see," he said, "my uncle died and left me some money. I had a friend who was a clerk in a produce commission house. He had a little cash and wanted to cut loose from the bosses, so we started together and he brought a good deal of trade with him. I knew nothing about the produce commission business then, but there's very little anyone can teach me now," and he strutted about his office, sent volumes of tobacco smoke curling about his head, and every now and then called out to the men who were moving in a load of fresh eggs: "Look out there how you handle those! Do you think you have stones in those baskets?" "Eggs, my dear sir, are 25 cents a dozen. We can't afford to have you break a gross!"

I have a young friend in the wholesale dry goods business. He has been in a couple of years, but he is still very fresh. We will call the firm Brand, New & Co., and my friend we will denominate as Mr. New. I was in the store this morning, chatting with him about the opera, when a poorly dressed, elderly man came in. The man looked like a tramp who had been sprucing up, and I could see immediately that the young merchant wished to show his authority. The man wanted to see some sort of worsteds, and Mr. New showed them to him.

"How much are they?" he asked.

"Forty-six and a half cents a yard," was the reply.

The scene which followed was somewhat amusing. The old, tramp like visitor leaned on a packing box, pencil in hand, and commenced to scribble on a piece of waste paper.

"Let me see," he said, stopping suddenly, "what did you say your name was, sir? I have forgot—"

"I never told you," interrupted my friend.

"Oh, neither you did (smiling), but do you know I could have sworn you said your name was either Jones or Smith."

My friend was beginning to grow angry at the man's coolness and impudence, but when the fellow asked him point blank what his name was he replied:

"New!"

"New, eh?" said the visitor, as he wrote it down and drew stars before it and after it on the paper. "Mr. New, how is your father?"

This further riled the young merchant, but he did not allow his temper to get the better of him, and he told the fellow politely that his father was a physician and not connected with the firm, and as far as he knew, not acquainted with the inquirer. Therefore he could not see the pertinence of the question.

"Then you are the only New in the firm?" was the next question.

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. New, what did you tell me was the lowest price for those worsteds?"

"Forty-six and a half cents, sir."

"By Jove, you've a good memory, you said that before."

"Of course I did," fumed New; "don't you think I know my own business?"

"You ought to," was the response; "and you may be able to tell me how many cases of those goods you have in the store."

"Look here, sir," said the young man exasperated at his visitor's manner, "I've a sight more than you are able to buy."

The shabby looking fellow smiled grimly.

"Put down the number," he said.

New seized the pencil and chalked down in rapid succession: "Two hundred cases of red, 600 cases of blue, 1,000 cases black, 1,400 cases brown, 500 cases green, 500 cases purple."

The old man added it up.

"Four thousand cases," he said; "is that all?"

New stared at him aghast.

"That's all," he said.

"I'll take them. Ship to Cleveland, Shelly & Co., Chicago, Star line, fast freight. You are a member of the firm, and the bargain is made."

With that the fellow left the store, and my young friend, with weak voice and shaking knees, told me that he had not one-third of the goods in the place; that he would have to buy them at a much higher price, and that the firm would loose something like $13,000 by the operation. This is a fact; and the whole thing occurred just as I have related it. See what it is to have a great buyer, and see what it is to have a young, inexperienced and irritable man in the firm.

Cheerfulness and Hope.

[Philadelphia Saturday Post.]

Pleasant, cheerful people make a dull day cheerful; they have somewhat of the same effect in a room as an open fire or a bouquet of flowers; they make us feel for the nonce as if everybody was pleasant because they are.

We cannot always explain exactly why they are so pleasant. They may not be beautiful—they are often plain; they are not always robust people—they are sometimes invalids; they are not always the wittiest; but they possess a magic superior to all these which dwarfs the wit and cleverness of others, and makes these of small value beside their own attractiveness.

As a general thing, it will be found that those who have the largest faculty for enjoyment have the largest development of hope or cheerfulness, and vice versa. We project our present feelings into the future, and make them its interpreter. The constitutionally happy man may have many griefs, and suffer under them acutely, but he is elastic, and his spirits at length rebound to their natural condition. Thus he habitually dresses the future in bright colors. He hopes for the fulfillment of his desires, whatever they may be, with a hope. If he is enterprising, he hopes for success; if ambitious, for honor; if affectionate, for love; if benevolent, for the good of the community.

These hopes are so strong that they come to be expectations, if not convictions; and, as he looks forward, he sees the continued image of his own happy thoughts as we see our countenance in a succession of reflections from opposite mirrors. It is largely because he enjoys that he hopes, and his hopes in their turn afford him new enjoyment.

People who are fond of complaining of the injustice of circumstances, declaring that the good are often unsuccessful and the evil are often prosperous, would do well to analyze carefully their estimate of success and prosperity. If they include in it riches, fame and position, and exclude from it cheerfulness, hope, peace of mind, a contented spirit, a good conscience, a noble character, and the luxury of doing good, they are right, according to their standard. But, if these latter possessions are preferable, then are the good prosperous, indeed, with a prosperity that no misfortune can touch, and no loss can remove, and the evil are truly unsuccessful, though they may have wealth, station, power and ease.

There is a certain feeling of calm power that always attends the fact of possession. When we are struggling and hoping cheerfully for what we desire, we are eager, excited, and in a measure unstrung; but, when we finally obtain it, we become, so far as that one thing goes, restful and assured. Of all possessions that can possibly be secured, there is none which gives this quiet and dignified sense of power so thoroughly as a proper sense of hope and justice. To feel sure that we possess any single power or faculty, that we have it under our control, and can use it at our pleasure, is a source of great happiness and peace of mind; and those who are fortunate enough to have this sense extended over many of their faculties, are to be warmly congratulated.

The Oregonian Editor has His Views.

Some folks can't find enough in this world to do and bother their brains about without neglecting business here, to conjure up, defend and quarrel about what is going to happen hereafter.

Some of these wearisome, worrisome fellows go up and down in the earth continually preaching the speedy end of all mundane things, as if that, if true, ought to make any difference in the conduct of men.

Another class of troublesome creatures have seen a little juggling some time or other, and can't let anybody rest until they are convinced that spirits from the other shore come eavesdropping around, and talking more nonsense and worse grammar than can be learned in a "Normal Institute."

A Defective Flue.

[Boston Commercial Bulletin.]

"The cause of the fire was a defective flue."

This line so frequently appears in the reports of conflagrations, that we think that some prompt remedy should be taken toward having "flues" thoroughly made and not "defective."

We do not intend to suggest an "inspector of flues," but that in every case where a fire really occurs from this cause, the builder of the aforesaid flue be mentioned by name and the "defect" pointed out.

Doubtless injustice is frequently done in ascribing fires which really originate from the carelessness of those who have charge of the heating apparatus of stoves and houses, to "defective flues." It is a very easy phrase with which to cover up the gross neglect of those who go off and leave their furnaces with the full draught on, or neglect in other ways to prevent extraordinary concentration of heat.

Let the insurance companies, for instance, spare no effort not only to ascertain the cause of the fire, but to have it published; and in most cases such publicity might tend to limit carelessness.

Thus the stating that the "fire occurred owing to the imperfect manner in which the flue was built by Slur & Veneer, under the superintendence of I. Rushemoff, architect, there being no protection against the furnace smoke-pipe," etc.

Let us also have the names of those who put in pillars into theatres with no supports beneath them, or who construct elevators that are unsafe. A few suits of law against such individuals and the publicity of the matter would tend to render those who perform similar work to be more cautious of the manner in which it is done.

A Dog Who Didn't Believe in Spiritualism.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

Several years ago there were quite a number of spiritualists in the city of Ripon, and they used to have "seances" almost every night, listening to communications from friends in the spirit land, through raps and things.

One day it was announced that a noted medium from the East would visit the town, and the spiritualists arranged for a seance at the stone house owned by a nurseryman, which was large enough to fill the bill. Quite a crowd of believers, with a few unbelievers, gathered at the house, and after some preliminaries the noted medium turned down the light and all was still.

He went into a trance and was taken possession of by the spirit of an Indian chief who had recently died. First he began to murmur words in the Indian tongue, then sing, and finally he got up and began to dance a war dance, kicking the floor with his heels, yelling, "Hi, ah, yah, yah," and whooping it up.

The country dogs in that section always hated Indians "worse than pison," and they would bark at them when they came to town. The nurseryman had a big brindle dog that was asleep in the kitchen adjoining the room where the seance was taking place, and the door to the kitchen had been left open. Towser woke up and listened, and then got up. He evidently thought the house had been attacked by a hostile tribe, and feeling that they would all be scalped, he thought he owed it to himself to save the women and children, at least. Towser looked in the door and could see, by the dim light from the fireplace, the spiritual chief just howling and dancing around, while the audience sitting around seemed paralyzed with fear.

That was enough for Towser, and with a howl that fairly raised the roof he jumped into the center of the circle and took a large mouthful of medium, including considerable pantaloons. He took hold where a dog almost does take hold of a man, and he shook that medium until all the Indian in him returned to the spirit land, and he was a demoralized citizen. The medium yelled murder, and the women fainted, and then the owner of the dog called him off, and Towser went back into the kitchen with pants cloth in his teeth, looking over his shoulder as much as to say, "If there is any more trouble with Indians in there you will find me under the kitchen table."

Judged by the Eyes.

[Philadelphia Post.]

When the eyebrows are far from each other at their starting-point between the eyes, they denote warmth, frankness, and impulse—a generous and unsuspicious nature. A woman or man having such eyebrows would never be causelessly jealous. Eyebrows, on the contrary, which meet between the eyes in the manner so much admired by the Persians denote a temperament ardent in love, but jealous and suspicious.

Eyebrows somewhat higher at their starting point, and which pass in a long sweeping line over the eyes, drooping slightly downward at their termination, show artistic feeling and great sense of beauty in form. The Empress Eugenie's eyebrows are of this form, which gives a sweet and wistful expression to the face, and which some old writers have asserted to be the sign of a violent death.

Eyebrows lying very close to the eyes, forming one direct clear line on strongly defined eyebones having the same form, show strength of will and extreme determination of character. This sort of eyebrow appears on the bust of Nero; but then its indications of determination are deepened with cruelty by the massive jaw and the developement of the cheekbone by the ear. This form of eyebrow in conjunction with other good indications would mean only constancy in affection and power of carrying out a project despite all difficulties.

Eyebrows that are strongly marked at the commencement, and that terminate abruptly without sweeping past the eyes, show an irascible and impatient nature.

Eyebrows slightly arched show sensitiveness and tenderness of nature; but eyebrows that are so much arched as to give the appearance of being raised in astonishment give an indication of a weak and silly nature completely without originality or will power.

Eyebrows that are straight at their commencement and are gently arched as they reach the temples show a pleasant combination of firmness of purpose and tenderness of heart.

Eyebrows that are very much raised at their termination, so as to leave much space between them and the corners of the eyes, denote a person who is totally deficient in the science of figures, whilst eyebrows that lie close to the eye at their termination show mathematical talents.

When the hair of the eyebrows is ruffled and growing in contrary directions, it denotes an energetic, easily irritated nature, unless the hair of such eyebrows is fine and soft (a combination sometimes, but not often, seen,) in which case this ruffled growth would only indicate an ardent but tender disposition.

When the eyebrows are formed of short hairs, all lying closely together and leaning one way, it is a very decisive sign of a firm mind, and good, unerring perceptions.

Eyebrows that bend downward close to the eyes, so as almost to meet the eyelashes when they are raised, denote tenderness and melancholy. This beautiful statue of Antinous has this form of eyebrow.

Angular, strong, and sharply interrupted eyebrows close to the eyes always show fire and productive activity. I have never seen a profound thinker with weakly marked eyebrows, or eyebrows placed very high on the forehead. Want of eyebrow almost always indicates a want of mental and bodily force. The nearer the eyebrows are to the eyes, the more earnest, deep, and firm the character; the more remote from the eyes, the more volatile and less resolute the nature.

Eyebrows lighter than the hair show a weakness and indecision. Eyebrows much darker than the hair denote an ardent and passionate but somewhat inconstant temperament.

Eyebrows the same color as the hair show firmness, resolution, and constancy; but in judging of the eyebrows it must be remembered that if form and color give different indications, the form (as this also means that of the brow) gives the most important indication, the color and texture of the eyebrow being secondary to its position as regards the eyes and forehead.

A DEPOT SCENE.

How Virginia City People Bid Their Friends Good-Bye.

The following is taken from the Virginia City Chronicle: It is worth four dollars of any man's money to be on the Virginia City evening train just before it leaves the depot. You are always certain to see three or four families leaving the city for a day or so, and all their friends and relatives are on hand to say good-bye.

In the first place the family just on the eve of leaving is surrounded on the platform by forty or fifty people who want to shake hands and help get the baggage on the cars. Then there is a great scramble and jostle and kissing as the engine blows off steam, and when the crowd find it is a false alarm they talk a few minutes, and then another kissing carnival begins. Occasionally an outsider, perhaps a Comstock reporter or a San Francisco drummer, seeing how promiscuous things are getting to be, rings in and kisses a pretty girl, and she, thinking that it must be some old friend whose face has grown out of her memory temporarily, takes it in good part and wants some more.

After four or five false alarms the family gets on board the rear car, and then for ten minutes there is a crowd jammed in the aisle like a pack of terriers in a rat pit, and the ceremony of saying "Good-bye," again begins. First they all kiss the old lady and then they shake hands with the old man and kiss him a few times, but don't over-do it. Then they all stand round and begin to cry as they wait for the train to move. When a brake slips they fall to work to kiss for the last time, but the train don't start and they begin to talk.

"Now, Flora, don't forget to write."

"Say, Johnny, what did you say your address was?"

"Oh, my, I forgot to bring down that little hood for the baby. I'll send it by express."

"Lord sakes, but you forgot those ginger snaps for ma."

"Oh, gracious, where in the world are those keys?"

"Have you got that lunch basket all right?"

"With the pickled peaches?"

"And the preserves?"

"And the bottle of milk?"

"And the hard-boiled eggs?"

"And the grape jelly?" etc.

Then the engine bumps the smoking-car up against the passenger and the real fun begins.

"Oh, Auntie, must you go?" and they fall upon Auntie with a shower of smacks.

"Now, be sure and write, (smack). Give my love to Jenny and cousin Sarah (smack)."

"Just let me have one more for luck (smack).

"Oh, I forgot to kiss the baby; here, quick—" (train jolts and she misses the smack). Then the women folks make a rush for the door, and half a dozen young men rush in, like birds swooping to their prey, and grab the pretty girl of the family. They catch her and kiss her and drop her one by one, and drop off the rear of the train, all except the last, who makes a sudden rush for the platform, decides that it is not safe to jump, and saunters back to ride as far as Gold Hill, while the others climb slowly up Union street, and say:

"Well, we've rid of that crowd at last," and the old dame in the lead says, 'Thank God!" with considerable fervor.

Ladies in Telephone Exchanges.

"Why is it that the attendants in telephone offices are all women?" Mrs. Brown made this inquiry of her husband. "Well," answered Mr. Brown, "the managers of the telephone offices are well aware that no class of attendants work so faithfully as those who are in love with their labor; and they know that women are fond of the work in telephone offices." "What is the work in a telephone office?" Mrs. Brown further inquired. "Talking," answered Mr. Brown. And the conversation came to an end.

Income From Condensed Milk.

Gen. Borden pattented the process for condensed milk. The royalty on this patent has produced an immense fortune, and now yields an income of about $40,000 a year. The Bordens, nephews perhaps of the dead inventor, are large cattle owners in Texas.

The Book Agent's Etiquette.

A book agent came into our office on Saturday last, and tried to sell us a work on "etiquette." As he went out he left the door standing wide open. The intelligent reader will at once see the moral.

FEATHERINGS.

Money cannot supply a young man's wants if he happens to want good sense.—[New Orleans Picayune.

There is computed to be over 150,000 girls not yet 14 years of age, already wage workers in the United States.

When whisky gets the better of a man he may be sure the devil is forclosing his mortgage.—[South Bend Herald.

We like to see a man who can take a joke. But we respect him more when he gives credit for it.—[Yonkers Statesman.

They tell us matches are made in heaven; but somehow they never smell that way when you strike 'em.—Lowell Citizen.

A writer in Lippincott's Magazine says that of the 15,000 words employed by Shakespeare, about 6,000 appear but once.

How wisely Nature, ordered all below,
Forbade a beard on woman's chin to grow,
For how could she be shav'd (what'er the skill)
Whose tongue would never let her chin be still.

Glass eyes for horses are now made with such perfection that the animals themselves cannot see through the deception.

If you can approve of yourself, it makes but little difference whether the world approves of you or not.—[Detroit Free Press.

Miss Mary D. Brine has written some verses for a St. Paul paper. It is very gratifying to run across one poet who is not fresh.—[Ex.

An Italian writer says that 40,000 operas have been written since 1600, of which 10,000 have been produced by the sons of Italy.

Experience is not so much a school where man learns wisdom, as he learns what a confounded fool he has been.—South Bend Tribune.

The names of towns and settlements in Arizona possess the air of originality. Here are some of them: Good Enough, Tough Nut, Contention, Family Fuss, and Discipline.

It costs $32 apiece per annum to educate the forty thousand pupils of New York at the public grammar schools and the seventy thousand primary school pupils cost $15 apiece.

"Where there's a will there's a way," murmured the profligate youth, as he went around paying up his bills after the receipt of a legacy from a rich and doting uncle.—[Lowell Citizen.

In making "pure ground coffee," the rule in Boston is to mix one bushel of beans and one of roasted peanuts with one bushel of cheap coffee. The package is then labeled: "None purer—beware of imitations."

The Galveston boy is progressive. He was standing in a crowd of boys on the sidewalk, when his mother called him to go down town and bring her a demijohn of whisky. "Send the old man. I've got considerable confidence in him."—[Galveston News.

"Tim, I want to borrow your black Sunday pants to attind a funeral," said one Galveston Irishman to another. "And whose funeral is it ye are so anxious to attind in me black Sunday pants?" "Your own, be dad, ef you don't lind 'em to me."

In the world's broad field of battle,
Where so many dangers lurk,
Always try to shun hard labor,
Pass it by with pleasing smirk;
For the money always goes to
Those who all exertion shirk,
While the men get next to nothing
Who do all the hardest work.

One of the earliest cannons was merely a cylindrical hole dug in the ground, the earth-barrel being strengthened by rods or sheets of metal. The charge was fired by means of a touch-hole at the lower end. As may easily be imagined, such a weapon was more formidable to its owners than to the enemy.

Early Railroading.

[From the Railway Age.]

I will contribute to your collection of railway history some recollections of the old New Castle and Frenchtown Railroad.

Its location was as follows: Extending from Frenchtown, Md., a point on the Elk River, to New Castle, Del., on the Delaware River, the road was sixteen miles long more or less. The track was of flat bar iron laid on wood stringers. It commenced operations in the year 1831 or 1832. The first locomotive, the "John Bull," came from England in pieces. A man came over with it who was six months in getting it together and in getting it into working order. It had only two driving wheels and had no cab. The engineer, old John Point, drove it standing out in the weather, and he used to be covered with snow and sleet sometimes in the winter.

About 1838 the track was relaid with the U iron rail, fastened with long barbed spikes, about 10 inches in length. The cars were upon the plan of a stage coach, the passengers sitting face to face, the doors being in the sides. They ran on spoke wheels without any brakes. The cars were hooked or coupled together by links and hooks. The buffers were formed of the side sills extending past the end of the car, the ends being cushioned with hair covered with sole leather. The breaking up of the train when near the station —Frenchtown or New Castle—was done at signal of the engineer by raising his safety-valve. Then the old darky servants (slaves) would rush to the train, seize hold and pull back, while the agent would stick a piece of wood through the wheel spokes.

As to the organization, the list of officers were those of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Company. Capt. R. H. Barr was the General Agent at New Castle, and he used to sell the tickets to passengers, have them seated and collect the tickets just before starting the train. Capt. Barr died at the advance age of 85 years.

The trains had way stops (now way stations) and were about one hour and a half making the run. The connections were with steam-boats running between Baltimore and Frenchtown and New Castle and Philadelphia. Those between Baltimore and Frenchtown were to my recollection the George Washington and Martha Washington—pumpkin-bow craft. Those running between New Castle and Philadelphia were, I believe, Bolivar, New Castle, Ohio and Robert Morris. This road was kept up and run until 1852, when it was abandoned as a through line, and the rails were taken up to within seven miles of New Castle, these seven miles forming a portion of the present Delaware Railroad, now part of the present Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore.